

THE CONVICT SHIP.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

We were still about a mile from the shore when I observed a large ship, a tug, coming up the river. It was a long, low, black-hulled vessel, with a single funnel, and was plainly a tug. It was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man. The tug was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man. The tug was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man.

"What ship is that?" I asked, well aware that the waterman knew every ship out of London. He turned his chin on his shoulder and viewed her leisurely, and answered "The Child Harold!" "I cried, and threw up my veil to look at her. Will Johnstone's eyes were gliding rapidly and slowly in the wake of the tug. Her home was at hand, the forest of the East India Docks was in sight, and the paddles of the little tug were beating the water slowly. I observed a crowd of people on the shore, and a number of men, and the tug was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man.

"The red flag streamed brightly from the peak, the glass and brass about her sparkled, the little circular windows in her side flashed like gems as they took the sun, and the raiment of the ladies' faces was tinted with the glow of the sun. The tug was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man. The tug was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man.

"There's no finer ship out of London," said the waterman. "She's from Australia. That's where the tints of her face are tinted with the glow of the sun. The tug was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man. The tug was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man.

"How often may I see Captain Butler?" "Every three months," he repeated, "but, with a glance at the waiting groups who had insensibly stolen towards us to listen. "He may sail within the next three months, and I shall not know where he has gone."

"The regulations will permit of his communicating with you, through the governor of the prison, and he will be allowed to bid him farewell." "And will he be able to tell me to what part of the world he is to be sent?" "That's not always known at the Admiralty, down, sometimes, to the governor of the prison, and he will be allowed to bid him farewell."

"I paced a little space of the deck; I could have held him long in converse; I had, methought, a thousand questions to ask. On a sudden, happening to look along the deck to the left, I saw a number of men appear. Some of them were convicts, and the others were the guard. They came into the ship by the gangway that was stretched from the quay to the gangway. The convicts were dressed in a rusty brown suit with red stripes upon it; they all looked alike, so horribly leveling is the uniform of the convict, and the men waiting shrieked out and ran some steps, and a little boy of 10 or 12, whose hand was grasped by a young woman, called out, "Father, father," and began to cry piteously, still calling "Father, father!"

"The warders came to a pause near the hatch; there were four convicts; three of them were embraced by the women who had been waiting, the little boy, meanwhile, continuing to cry loudly, and two of the women sobbed piteously; the fourth advanced and passed with his eyes upon me. It was Tom, but for a few minutes I did not know him. His face was as pale as death, and his eyes were staring, and he had a look of a man who had been through a great deal of trouble. The tug was moving slowly, and was being towed by a small boat, which was being pulled by a single man.

"I had written to you often. Why did you not give me my letters? But you would not think because you did not hear from me that I was forgetting you?" "No, Tom." "I have written. But a prison governor may stop a felon's letters, and mine have been stopped and they have not given me yours. We may have written too strongly."

"He started, and looked at me a little wildly, and cried: "Marian, why are you here? This atmosphere is poisonous. Look at my dress; look at these hands. I have worn chains; I am driven as though I were a mad and dangerous beast; I am herded with ruffians! Oh, my God, and I am innocent! I swear by your pure heart, Marian, I am guiltless of the crime for which they have sent me to this place, and for which they send me ashore by day to—to—Why are you here, dear?" he cried, still wildly, and now a little incoherently. "They have helioli sworn me, innocent as I am, into this. They have made a felon of me. They are sending me from my country, and my heart must break—my heart must break," he said, sobbing convulsively; "and they will bury me in a convict's grave." "Marian, it is an end between us; it must be so. I am a convict, ruined and forever dishonoured; look at me!" he said, and he was looking at me with a look of a man who had been through a great deal of trouble.

"I listened to him, but the great God, who knew that my sweetheart was a cruelly and terribly wronged man, gave me of His mercy, heart and spirit. I had much to say, and the moments were flying. I looked at him with a smile and he bowed his head down. "Why, Marian, is that you? Have you come to meet me? How kind of you. Tom, you are not dishonoured; you are not ruined. You are wronged; only that, my darling; no more. Hear me, dear, and I softened my voice. For I was sensible of the deep thrill of my earnestness in every syllable that fell from me. I have come to tell you that my love is unchangeable; that my love for you now is sanctified by your misery, and that it is deeper, truer, and holier, Tom, than ever it was before. Oh, hear me, love, and take heart. Wherever you go, I will go. I shall learn where they send you; and accompany you or follow you. Nothing but death can separate us. I have walked night after night beside the prison walls, that I might be near you, and while you are here I shall be near you. They cannot separate us. Always, believe always know, that while you are in this ship, yes, and while they are trying to break your heart ashore, I am present—yes, not in sympathy, not in love, not in spirit only, Tom, but near you, but close as they will let me be to you in a person. Does that comfort you?"

"He lifted my hand and bowed his head upon it. "Something may happen at any time to prove your innocence," I continued. "What could happen, Marian? Will Rotech ever admit that he persecuted himself merely to get charge of my ship, and to punish me for reporting him, and for my treatment of him at Valparaiso?"

"But your banishment is not for life," he said. "Who ever returns from transportation?" "They will give you your liberty after a time; you will be free, and I shall be with you. I have money, and we will establish ourselves and be happy, my darling; your love breaks me down," he cried, looking up and grasping me by the hands, then covering his eyes. "I was talking with a man before you came, Tom. He is the deputy governor. Yonder stands the man who will be allowed to bid him farewell."

"He viewed me in a shrinking way. "Oh, my God, Tom, you must swear to write to me, I will be a fit of despair. "Swear it! If you do not write, how shall I know when you have gone and where you have gone? Swear you will write! Swear it!" I clutched him by the arm in my passion of eagerness and desire, repeating, "Swear it! Swear it!" "You must not follow me. You must not leave your home for me."

"Swear it, Tom!" "I shall be a servant, a slave, out in Australia; a convict always, whether freed or not." "Oh, swear it, Tom!" "I swear, my dear, I swear it." "Swear to write and tell me when you sail!" "I was silent, breathing deeply; then his eyes lighted up with love, and he exclaimed in a low voice, "I swear it!"

"Would it be for you to divide us, Tom?" "He faintly smiled and answered: "You know me to be innocent, Marian?" "Yes, as I am of that crime that they have charged you with." "What do they say of me? What is thought?" "Tom, what does it matter? You are innocent, and I love you."

"My noble heart, God bless you! What does your uncle think?" "He's up," cried the warder. "You have sworn it, Tom. Remember!" "I will write, dearest; I swear it; I will write." "Come, my man!" shouted one of the guard. "Remember, Tom!" I exclaimed. "I will write to you," were his last words.

"I stood watching him as he walked with the other convicts and the guard to the gangway. The excitement and grief of this meeting worked like a fever in me. My breast was violently heaving, my eyes were very red, and my lips were parched, as though pale and broken with thirst. I stepped over to the deputy governor and said: "Will money help a man in this ship?"

"No, madam," said he shortly, eyeing me with a look of grave surprise. "I am not a man of money, and as much again when that money is spent, to furnish Thomas Butler with comforts outside the horrible prison fare."

"Gently, madam. The prison fare is not so horrible as you think. Many got such food here as they never see out of gaol, and never get money enough to purchase after their discharge. Cocoa, bread, beef, soup—such food is not horrible. But the wealth of the Indies would not help your friend in this hull."

"I bowed to him, dropped my veil, went to the side, and entered the ship. The waterman began to talk. To this moment I believe it was he and not his nephew who had been a convict. I kept my lips sealed, and the man sank into silence while he looked at the side, and entered the ship. The waterman began to talk. To this moment I believe it was he and not his nephew who had been a convict. I kept my lips sealed, and the man sank into silence while he looked at the side, and entered the ship.

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"He struck his knee with his fist and smothered a sea oath. This sort of talk, however, was no very clever welcome on my part to the poor lad; so I presently got him to tell me about his voyage, and how he liked the sea; and then gave him five pounds which I had put aside for him; his father, though a hospitable man, kept Will a little short, and wished to pass a jolly holiday and told him when he kissed and thanked me that another five should be his when that was spent."

"We'll go a-rambling again, Marian," said he. "Those were fine times, you're white with trouble, and some of those milk and butter trips we used to take will do you good." I sighed and made no answer. He went to Tom's miniature and stood looking at it, then began to talk again with eagerness and enthusiasm about my scheme of following my sweetheart.

"And why shouldn't you go?" said he, pacing the room. "You're alone in the world, and Tom's first and everything to you. Father and mother won't like your going, and you'll be left alone with your father and mother. Tom's all in all. If I loved a girl as you love Tom she'd be all in all to me, and I'd follow her while a stick lasted, till the plank grew as thin as a sailor's shirt. But there's this in my mind, Marian; before you start in pursuit you must know where Captain Butler has been sent to."

"He'll know and tell me." "Suppose he should be sent to Hobart Town and you make sail to Sydney, believing him there. You don't know how big all that part of the world is. There's a story of an Irishman who bought a commission in the Seventy-first in order that he might be near his brother in the Seventieth. Have you got an atlas? Hobart Town's a mighty long way from Botany Bay."

"He'll tell me the settlement." "But suppose it should be Norfolk Island! One of our Jacks knew that settlement. The frightfullest ruffian go there. The sailor said that when the convicts are removed they're chained down to the deck. Everybody's afraid of them. Now what would you do there in a settlement of a few troops and scores of horrible ruffians?"

"I smiled and said, "Where Tom is sent I go, and then start up, and flinging up him in my old, hot, tempered, impulsive fashion, I cried, "I know all about Norfolk Island; I shall know what to do. Will!" I sobered my voice, and added, "I have been scheming for months all alone, dear; all the while that my darling has been in gaol I have been planning and planning. I care not what the settlement be; let me have its name, and I am ready."

"Will stayed an hour talking with me in my room; he then made me put on my bonnet and go for a walk, and from this time we were as much together as though we had been brother and sister and lived in the same house. His company wonderfully cheered and supported me. I loved him for his affectionate sympathy; above all for his kind, unselfish, and unassuming nature. He was more frequently at my aunt's than before his return from sea. She and my uncle sometimes talked of Tom, but never now in a way to vex me. They both knew my character; they witnessed the faithfulness of his devotion in my face, and his sweetheart's name was pronounced; they had gathered with the utmost significance when Tom should be sent across the seas, and saw the hopelessness of my dream. I was on my own mistress; I was of age; I was answerable to no one. They knew all this and held their peace, though both of them, and my aunt especially, were secretly very uneasy and distressed by my loyalty to a convict."

"I had told Tom that I would be near him in person, and once I had a mind to take a lodging in Woolwich; but Stepney was not too far distant to enable me to easily satisfy my craving and fulfill my promise to be near him often; moreover, I never knew from day to day when I might hear that he was in the custody of the law, and to be ready to swiftly complete all my arrangements to follow him. And that is why I remained at home at Stepney instead of taking a lodging near the dockyard at Woolwich, though over a foot and a half time, would I hire a boat and hang about the Warrior hull."

"Mr. Woolfe had got me the regulations of the prison ship. I knew at what time the convicts went ashore to their private dwellings, and I knew when to dine; when they returned again to their tea or supper, and at what time the hatches were put over them and padlocked for the night. Indeed, I could say off the regulations and every article in the list of the prison ship, and I knew when to dine, and when to return, and when to be ready to follow him. And that is why I remained at home at Stepney instead of taking a lodging near the dockyard at Woolwich, though over a foot and a half time, would I hire a boat and hang about the Warrior hull."

"I once had a burning desire to visit the huge hull at night, when all the people were at rest in their hammocks within her, and the hatches on. I had plenty of spirit as a young woman, and was on the whole a fearless creature; but I own I shrank from trusting myself alone at night on the Thames with one of the watermen of those times. I asked Will if he would accompany me; he cheerfully consented, and I arranged with a fellow at Wapping to await us at Blinck wall to save the circuit of Limehouse and Greenwich Reach. He was punctual in his attendance."

"It was a night about the middle of September, somewhat cold, but not uncomfortably so. We reached the hull at half past eight, and the waterman quickly plying to keep his boat steady in the stream. The sky was dim and the stars gleamed sparsely; there was just weight enough of wind to run the water-sobbing along the bends of the towering, motionless oars of the hull, and under every one of them a thread of gold wavered like a wringing eld striking for the depths. The deep hush of the night lay sensibly as the darkness itself upon the flat marshes of Plumstead and across the river where the Pilgrimage was stretched. The passing ships went by silent as shadows. Now and again a man's voice would sound aboard one of them; I'd hear the rumbling of a yard suddenly let go, or the rattling of the canvas of a canvas being hoisted. Here and there the grating ports of the hull showed in a square of dim light, but, even as I watched, a clear-tongued bell on board was twice struck."

"Nine o'clock," said Will, and, as though a cloud had passed over the huge fabric, every light went out, the white bands of the checkered sides seemed to hover upon the eyes, pallid and ghastly, with their wild glare of grating ports, the pole masts died out away up in the gloom. "How many convicts are there aboard?" asked Will. "Over four hundred, sir," answered the waterman. The lad seemed awed by thought of that number. Not yet would sleep have visited the wearied of those eyes within, and the fancy of that mass of suffering and crime and sorrow lying mute and awake, with no other sound about the ship than the sob of running water, made the silence of her awful. I stood up, and my heart gave way in a cry of passion and misery, and scarcely sensible of what I did I extended my arms towards the hull and moaned, "Oh, Tom! Oh, Tom! Why were you taken from me? What has been said since that you should be there?" and then I broke into a strangled fit of weeping. Will pulled me gently on to a seat and fondled me, and told me to keep up my courage, for that I had spirit enough to bring things right. "How big is that?" "What boat's that?" "The Warrior!" "What boat's that?" "The Warrior!" "What boat's that?" "The Warrior!"

A GIRL PICKPOCKET.

At South-western, Polly Wilson, who lived with her parents at Mr. Denman's, Battersea, was charged, before Mr. Denman, with taking a purse containing £10, from Ellen Allbon, a tailor's, living at Kenwick-road, the Strand. The girl, who was only 15 years of age, was brought up by her mother, who was a professional thief, and who had been in the habit of taking purses from the pockets of the people who were passing by her. The girl was charged with taking a purse from the pocket of Ellen Allbon, who was a tailor's, living at Kenwick-road, the Strand. The girl was charged with taking a purse from the pocket of Ellen Allbon, who was a tailor's, living at Kenwick-road, the Strand.

"BURYED TREASURE." Tradition says that the vicinity of the Falls of Schuykill is rich in buried treasures, but like most buried treasures, these have been discovered only by accident. Some of the older residents of the Falls confidently expect that the demolition of the old mill dam will lead to the discovery of the long-lost treasure. A secret passage, which is supposed to extend from the house to the river, the old mill dam, and the Falls, is supposed to be a secret passage, which is supposed to extend from the house to the river, the old mill dam, and the Falls. A secret passage, which is supposed to extend from the house to the river, the old mill dam, and the Falls. A secret passage, which is supposed to extend from the house to the river, the old mill dam, and the Falls.

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OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

The Philharmonic Society has issued the prospectus of its eighty-third season, which will open on March 7, at the Queen's Hall, where all the evening concerts will take place. The directors have, as usual, engaged a large number of eminent artists, the vocalists being headed—this time for many years—by Madame Adelina Patti, and the instrumentalists by Herr Emil Sauer. A new symphony by Dr. G. J. Barnett, and a new overture by Dr. G. J. Barnett, and Dr. Hubert Parry's symphony in F (No. 3), are amongst the important items announced for first performance by the venerable society.

The splendid orchestra, which consists almost entirely of well-known instrumentalists, will be conducted by Sir Alexander Macdonald, except on occasions when composers conduct their own works; while on Mr. Francesco Baggio, the indefatigable honorary secretary, will rest the onus of all business and programme arrangements.

The directors of the Crystal Palace have also sent out a prospectus of their arrangements for the Saturday afternoon concerts, which will be resumed on Feb. 16. Several novelties are promised. Massenet's "Thaïs," a "Pantomime d'Après" will be performed in England for the first time; an overture, "Jeanne D'Arc," arranged by Mr. Hamish McCunn on themes from his recently-composed opera, and a Larghetto in B flat, from a MS. Symphony by Sir Sterndale Bennett, will also be produced.

Mr. August Manns, as a matter of course, resumes his post as conductor, and the list of artists already engaged includes the names of Mesdames Ella Russell, Emma, Jessie King, and Clara Samueli; Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Ludwig, Pierpoint, Andrew Black, Emil Sauer, Slavinsky, Frederick Dawson, and Joseph Joachim; also Herr Moritz Rosenthal, a brilliant pianist, who will make his first appearance in England at one of the Crystal Palace Concerts, and of whom it is said that he "defies tradition" in his rendering of pianoforte works by the great masters, preferring to give his own individual "reading" of everything he plays.

Signor Manuel Garcia's "Hints on Singing," is full of interest for both teachers and students. It is indeed a marvellous achievement for a man in his ninetieth year to have written such a book. Signor Garcia is indeed a "grand old man."

My hope, expressed a few months back, that Miss Ellaline Terriss would do further work as a composer, is realised, the charming young lyric artist having composed the music for a comediante, written by her husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and entitled "Papa's Wife." The little piece was to have been produced at the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening last, but, unfortunately, Miss Terriss was taken ill, and is now playing one of the characters, the performance had to be postponed.

Madame Adelina Patti's success on the continent has been something tremendous. At Vienna 3,000 seats were sold several days beforehand. The famous prima donna, who rarely indulges in any of the "tricks" of a child, and was compelled to abandon some of her engagements, but she has now almost completely recovered.

On Tuesday evening the Queen's Hall Choral Society will give performances of Macdonald's "Coralia" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." The British public evidently cannot have too much of these delightful works, especially when the music is rendered by such capable artists as Mesdames Ella Russell and Janson; Messrs. Barton McCulloch, Charles Copland, Andrew Black, and others.

The Woolwich Choral Union, one of the excellent suburban societies to which I have occasionally drawn attention, is meeting with great success during its present (fifth) season, and at the next concert, Feb. 28, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Handel's "Acis and Galatea" will be performed.

It is gratifying to learn that out of nine successful candidates who were recently awarded the silver medal for singing at the London Academy of Music three were Misses Florence Ogilvie, Morelli, and Woolmer-Williams, pupils of an English teacher, Mme. Rose Hersey.

At the Savoy Theatre "Box and Cox" is now played after "The Chieftain," in which, by the way, a new dance has been introduced for Miss Emmie Owen and Mr. Walter Passmore, who render it with their usual unflagging spirit and buoyancy. I am glad to hear that Mr. D'Oyly Carte is now quite well.

In spite of remarks to the contrary made by some of my esteemed contemporaries, I have reason to believe that it is not by any means certain that Mr. August Manns will not be offered the post of conductor to the Scottish Orchestra, vacated by Mr. Henschel. Whether the veteran conductor will accept the position is another matter.

The students, past and present, of the Royal College of Music, intend presenting their late director, Sir George Grove, with a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. Furze, as a souvenir of the regard and respect in which he was held during his directorship at the College.

Miss Maud Valerie White's concert on Monday should be well attended. The programme is most interesting. Several of the popular song writer's own graceful compositions, and selections from Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, and Henschel will be performed, the artists named being Mesdames Marie Brenna, Beverley Robinson, and Dale; Messrs. Plunket Greene, Kearney Rutherford, and Leonard Borwick.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

The December number of the "Bosny Natural History Society's Journal" contains a note on a curious habit of the muskrat, as witnessed by a lady in Nagpur, India. A moving string of life, which was taken to be a cobra, was seen to take refuge under the piano, but on investigation it was found to be a female muskrat with six or seven young ones. Their mode of progression was apparently to go in single file, the mother leading the way, with the young ones following, each holding on to the tail of the one in front, thus giving to the whole a regular snake-like appearance. It would be interesting to know if any of my Indian correspondents have noticed this habit.

It may not be generally known that the food of the whale consists of some of the smallest marine animals. Although it is such a huge beast, with tremendous body and immense mouth, it does not, as may be supposed, prey on animals in proportion to its size. The mouth is large, not to seize big animals, but to capture the small molluscs, jelly-fish, and crustaceans which teem in the waters of the localities the whales inhabit. It opens its mouth, engulfs a large quantity of water, and with it its prey. That the food of the whale must of necessity be small is obvious, for the passage leading from the mouth into the stomach is so small as to barely admit a herring, and as the animal

possesses no teeth to masticate its food, large animals cannot be taken in. The quantities of small marine animals necessary to sustain such a monster must be enormous.

A lady residing at Islington undoubtedly possesses a knack of fattening cats, at least if the last two mousers she has had under her charge afford sufficient evidence to draw this conclusion. No. 1 I do not quite know the dimensions of, but he was a very fine black and white fellow, so fine in fact that he attracted somebody else's fancy and disappeared. No. 2 is a dark tabby; a splendid animal, more like a bear cask standing on short legs than a cat, and is of the following dimensions:—Weight, 21lb.; length, 23in.; size round the chest, 23in. I think it a good job this lady lives in civilised London, and not in China, where cats are eaten, or civil war, mutiny, or something of that sort might be the order of the day.

That animals possess memory, I think there can be no question, but if some of my readers are in doubt, one or two illustrations might help to convince them. I dare say many of my readers have driven along a country road, and stopped at a wayside inn for refreshment, and many no doubt have noticed many months afterwards, that the horse has shown an inclination to stop at the same place. This surely must be attributed to memory. Dogs show they possess memory by exhibiting signs of pleasure at again seeing their human friends from whom they have been separated for any length of time. House dogs, too, get to know and remember the daily callers, and desist from barking when they approach their food. Dogs also have a habit of hiding their food, but they always remember where, and go straight to the place when they want it again. It may often be seen amongst the animals at the Zoo; when the person from whom any inmate has been obtained pays a visit to the enclosure, the results of the acquaintance so far appear to have been very satisfactory, but as the snow is on the ground it cannot be carried on a large scale till the advent of spring.

The habit of feigning death in snakes has lately come to the front, and the "American Naturalist" for January has a note on this singular habit. It is a species of North Carolina snake, which, when interfered with, flattens its head and body, and then violently flutters. More interference causes the snake to writhe about violently. Opening its jaws to the fullest extent, it then finally turns on its back and simulates death, but still keeps its mouth open. When the interference comes perfectly limp, and may be carried in the hand a mile or more without showing signs of life, usually, however, still keeping the mouth open. One peculiarity alone shows life; if placed on the ground, belly down, it can be turned on its back again, nor can it be considered, however "dead," to lie on its belly.

The additions to the Zoological Society's Gardens during the week ending January 29 were as follows:—A black iguana, a new, monkey, a guillemot, two leopard tortoises, a Cape buephalus (snake), and a Chama baba of South Africa, its inhabitant of the neighbourhood of mountain ranges where it seems to be comparatively safe from the interference of man. Not that man is a great enemy to be feared; on the contrary, he has a decided aversion to killing monkeys. The baboon, on the other hand, is a voracious animal, and is not so much afraid of man. The baboon, on the other hand, is a voracious animal, and is not so much afraid of man. The baboon, on the other hand, is a voracious animal, and is not so much afraid of man.

THE ACTOR.

The Players' Club is essentially a flourishing body. According to its president it has over 800 members, about 400 of whom attended the annual dinner at the Criterion. The spectacle was genuinely festive, and the band's performance seemed to be popular, but, personally, I like to be able to hear what my neighbours have to say to me, which the band did not always permit me to do. Mr. Ben Davies, by the way, sang admirably later in the evening. What a fine voice he has!

Unhappily, I had to leave before Mr. Rose and Mr. Carr spoke to their respective towns, which I regret, for I hear they spoke very cleverly. Mr. Raleigh, I thought, was not in quite such good form as usual; but his toast—that of the club itself—was not very inspiring. The most important speech of the evening was of course that of the Victorian actor whose elocution is ever delightful. A good actor always speaks well; it is his business to do so. Mr. Alexander's remarks were as well phrased as they were delivered, and altogether did him credit.

At the close of his observations, the lecture of the St. James's made an allusion to his appearance on the amateur stage. This was in Scotland, early in the 'seventies, when he was 13 or 14, or thereabouts. He figured in a little extravaganza, of which the gods and goddesses of the Greek and Roman mythology were the characters. The lecturer, who is a romantic actor, had a bias towards the humorous, and as keen an eye for character as he has now. It was quite clear to those who knew him that he possessed a strong instinct for the stage.

A good deal is for ever being said about first-night criticism. The manager of the Lyric Theatre desires to introduce into dramatic affairs the principle and habit of second-night criticism? It produced "Papa's Wife" on a Saturday, and invited the press to see it on the following Monday. This might be all very well in the case of an unimportant play, but I don't think it would answer in that of an ordinary production. The press must notice a first, not a second, performance, if only as a matter of news.

I observe in the cast of "The Babes," as we are to see it at the Strand, the name of Miss Fanny Davenport. I think we may take for granted that this lady is the well-known American actress so-named; just as we may be right in assuming that the Miss Gertrude Kingston who had a very small part in a recent play at Drury Lane was not the distinguished artist who is now delighting London in "Rebellious Susan." There is, I believe, a Miss Lillie Langtry in the "Babes," but she is never mistaken, I presume, for the Mrs. Langtry of world-wide reputation.

"Margate" is the title of the new piece to be tried at Terry's on Tuesday afternoon. Why not? We have already had "Brighton," and there is no reason why we should not have "Ramsgate" and "Folkestone," and the rest. It will be remembered that we once had a "Merry Margate," at the Comedy

Theatre. This was a re-christened piece; it was called originally "Hare and Hounds." I wonder it was not followed by "Saucy Seabreeze," "Bosny Bournemouth," and so forth; dramatic writers are apt to be rather imitative in the titles they select for their works.

A theatrical critic should be accurate, if nothing else. A writer in "The Realm," reviewing the performance of "The Taboo," said of Mr. Frank Wyatt in that piece:—"He, at least, may be adjudged responsible for the manner of his appearance and the meagreness of his part. He is the manager of the theatre, and responsible." Mr. Wyatt and his wife are the proprietors of the theatre, and on occasion have managed it, but in this particular instance Mr. Horace Sedgwick was the manager. Mr. Wyatt being a member of the company engaged.

I hear that when Miss Olga Nethercole played Juliet the other day in Montreal, Canada, some members of the local Shakespeare Society were so delighted that they insisted upon presenting her with an address—inscribed on vellum and enclosed in a silver casket—in which they said that they had seen all, or nearly, the Juliets of recent years, and were unanimous in thinking that she was the first who had represented the character as the poet wrote and meant it. Of course, Miss Nethercole was gratified. She is now on her way to Chicago.

OLD IZAK.

The constantly varying weather now experienced renders angling prospects every where gloomy. A few fine days are, at least, expected, and these given, the jack, perch, and chub angler will stand a chance.

From all I hear, the Wey and Thames early in the week were falling fast, but it will be some time before angling is of much account. The Thames at Hampton Court had then so far subsided that Millbourne had hopes of its being by this time fishable, but I fear the snow that has since fallen will again disappoint anglers.

There is practically nothing noteworthy to record, the only report reaching me being from Islington, where Mr. Carnot took a 3lb. bream, two chub (scaling 4lb. 2oz. together), and a few roach. In the same quarter, Mr. J. Hemmings and friend took 21 roach, six of which scaled 7lb. 1oz. in all, and a fine perch of 1lb. was taken by an angler also from the bank.

A capital take of jack was reported last week from the Kennet, by Mr. Harry Hollands, of Donnington Mill, Newbury, who caught no less than 18 fish, scaling from 3lb. to 15lb. each.

There is nothing to report from the Lea, and very little from the Arun. When the Arun gets into order again, I can safely advise anglers to give it a trial, especially for jack, which abounds in the Poulton waters.

The monthly delegate meeting of the Central Association comes off at the Bedford Head Hotel, Covent Garden, on Monday evening, at which the president, Mr. C. A. Medcalf, will preside. Chair to be taken at 9 p.m. sharp.

The monthly re-union of the Epsom Anglers, to be held at the Wellington, High-street, Epsom, on Wednesday next, promises to be as successful as any of its predecessors. Mr. Fountaine, the respected president of the Epsom Anglers, is to read a paper on "Pike, Rudd, and Perch Fishing on Salton Ley," and from what I know of Mr. Fountaine, the Epsom anglers have a treat in store.

The committee of the Thames Angling Preservation Society had several matters of importance before them at their monthly meeting, over which Mr. Alfred Nuthall, president, presided, on Monday last. That of most consequence to anglers had reference to the granting of river-keepers' deputations to the conservancy, which, in one or two instances of late, have got into the hands of individuals, the committee could not recommend. The society, composed of practical anglers and representatives of both associations, has long worked well with the conservancy to the great advantage of fishermen in general, and it is devoutly to be hoped their influence will not be lessened now by appointments being made contrary to their wishes, when the result of half a century's labour is making itself felt.

The Thames is gradually coming back to its old standard. The lampreys are returning, perch are now plentiful, and taken of a good size, and trout, which have been almost extinct, are rapidly multiplying in its waters. Much of this is doubtless due to causes outside the work of the preservation societies, but they have so largely aided, particularly in the way of re-stocking, that they certainly serve the confidence of the conservancy in every way, and the more they liberate, and with the fullest knowledge of the facts.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. F. G. Affalo, the energetic hon. secretary (and I believe, the founder) of the British Sea Anglers' Society, is retiring from a post consequent upon his leaving London for a prolonged visit to the Colonies. He will be succeeded by Mr. Harry Ball, whose services will doubtless be permanently requisitioned at the society's annual general meeting in March next. Mr. Affalo has worked well and hard in the interest of sea angling, and will well join in wishing him an enjoyable and prosperous tour. That sea anglers will derive some information from him from time to time goes without saying, and their numbers are largely on the increase.

The Bermondsey Brothers have a "visit" from the Anglers' Association (southern division) on Tuesday next, which I am sure will be well attended. Those who know the Bermondsey Brothers and their home at the Woolpack, Bermondsey-street, will understand the fraternal feeling they extend to brother anglers, and will, doubtless, on this occasion be fully reciprocated.

The dinner to the river keepers and others aiding in the work of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, given at the Castle Hotel, East Molesey, proved a most enjoyable function. Mr. Alfred Nuthall occupied the chair, and under his way everything went right merrily. A good dinner was followed by good music, with very few speeches intervening, and among others, Mr. Nuthall, jun., Mr. Hoperast, and Mr. Charles Hone (fisherman) greatly contributed to the success of the festival. The vice-chairs were occupied by Messrs. R. B. Jones, J. H. Jones, and J. H. Jones. The dinner was a success, and the entire proceedings gave an unqualified pleasure to the committee, Mr. Brougham, and all concerned.

GENERAL CHATTER.

A few weeks ago I quoted from a despondent account sent to me by an Englishman at Pittsburgh, U.S., warning intending emigrants against seeking to better their fortunes beyond the Atlantic. It was a gloomy narrative of all over, and I am not surprised that it provoked an indignant reply from a British resident in Connecticut. So far from experiencing difficulty in obtaining employment, he got a job within 24 hours after land-

ing at New York, and he has never lacked remunerative work since. He affirms, too, that a man's earnings go farther in the States than in England; bread and beer are a good deal dearer, but that is more than balanced by the higher wages. A dollar buys as much as three shillings would in England, and as from two to three dollars per diem are paid to ordinary mechanics, their spending power is greater than in the old country.

It is quite possible, of course, that this view is as much too rosy as my previous correspondent's was too sombre. Much depends on the individual. A handy man, who is willing to turn to any work and do his best, will not long go begging on either side of the Atlantic. But the dainty person who sets a high value on his services, and turns up his nose at odd jobs, is bound to meet with many disappointments before he strikes "it." Willingness to work, cheerfulness, good temper, and thrift are marketable qualities in both hemispheres.

A letter which appeared the other day in a Lancashire paper showed that there are still some people who have yet to make acquaintance with that atrocious disorder, Russian influenza. After describing how he was suddenly bowled over by a mysterious ailment, the writer proceeded to give in detail all the well-known symptoms of the Russian nuisance. But he did not attribute his illness to that malign influence. About a mile from his house are some chemical works, and he felt certain that he must have been poisoned by their noxious fumes. Yet he has lived for a decade in the same house and never previously suffered from this unpleasant neighbour.

When the establishment of free libraries was under public discussion, their advocates never tired of predicting that they would greatly help forward the education of the masses. The horny-handed toiler, his buxom spouse, and bright-eyed children would resort to these glorious institutions for self-culture and self-improvement. Well, it may be so, but judging from the sort of literature chiefly patronised by visitors, I am inclined to doubt whether this exemplary workman often drops in at a free library. What is this that I find recorded in the third annual report of the Mansfield Library? That one of our best books issued to readers, 88 were works of fiction! No doubt, the perusal of novels is a form of self-education, but it is not the one bargained for by the ratepayers when the experiment was first launched.

The mention of "the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough" in connection with the lamented death of Lord Randolph Churchill has brought upon us a number of queries as to the identity of the lady thus designated. There are three Dowager Duchesses of Marlborough now in the land of the living. They are, respectively, the widows of the sixth, seventh, and eighth dukes. Lord Randolph being the son of the seventh duke and brother of the eighth duke, the Dowager Duchess spoken of is his mother, the widow of the seventh inheritor of the dukedom.

The other day, the Local Government Board inspector down at Gainsborough made formal report that his books showed no fewer than 1,100 cases of non-vaccination. It is much the same at many other places; as at Gainsborough, where the law is strictly enforced, suspended, pending the publication of the Royal Commissioners' report. Not a moment should be lost in getting that done; small-pox does not understand these niceties of legal procedure.

Complaints appear in several provincial papers that allotments are not to be obtained except at an extortionate rate, and would destroy all chance of profit. In one part of Yorkshire, the figure per acre is said to average £4. One consequence is that the labourers who want this land are endeavouring to become their own landlords, on the co-operative principle. They have formed an association, and have agreed to let the land on ordinary terms from 15s. to 20s. per acre, and when this is secured, they propose to subdivide it into conveniently sized plots, each tenant to pay a share of rent, rates, and taxes, in proportion to the extent of his holding. It is an interesting experiment; should it succeed, the same system is bound to be introduced elsewhere.

It is wonderful how good luck sometimes singles out individuals for special and persistent favours. There has just come to my notice the case of a gentleman who, at the beginning of the "boom" in gold mines, risked some £25 or £30. Although he had no special knowledge, the operation yielded splendid profits in a very short time. Taking these gains, he plunged much more boldly by operating in cheaper shares. Again did Dame Fortune stand his friend; every concern in which he had taken an interest went up like a balloon. Several times he repeated the same course, always with the same result, and I am told that his account now shows an aggregate profit a hundred times larger than the amount he originally staked.

Col. North, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Robinson, the Messrs. Barnato, and several other plutocrats may be cited as instances of Fortune's favourites. Of these prosperous gentlemen it may be truly said that "everything they touch turns to gold." But no less true is it that some poor devils are dogged by bad luck. Their gold persistently turns into silver, next into copper, and finally into air. Of course, good judgment is an important factor in determining the result of speculation, but I have known many cases in which it did not save its possessor from ruin, while, in other instances, reckless speculations, unguided by any judgment whatever, has conducted to wealth.

The handsome legacy—£70,000 or £80,000, if my memory may be trusted—left to Lord Randolph Churchill a few months ago by an old lady, will come in nicely as a supplementary provision for his bereaved family. The deceased statesman was the reverse of wealthy, and I always considered it a strong proof of his "straightness" that he should have sacrificed his official emoluments for years, sooner than subordinate his political convictions to monetary considerations.

MADAME.

The fashionable craze of the moment is skating; skating, moreover, independent of weather, for when the real thing is not to be had, artificial ice comes to the rescue. However, as I pen these lines London is frost bound, giving fair promise of plenty of open-air skating. A word or two of advice may not come amiss as to the style of costume suitable for this most fascinating pastime. I feel quite sure that many a child is caught while skating from not being wisely clothed. For underclothing I would suggest very much the same as I recommended for cycling, that is, woollen combinations next the skin, and a divided skirt of fine flannel.

For the outer costume there are various pretty modes. As to materials, either cloth or all-wool serge appear to me the best. A remarkably becoming skating costume attracted me by its simplicity and absence of pretentiousness. It consisted of a skirt of dark blue cloth, rather shorter than the usual walking length. It was worn so as to obtain sufficient width below to allow of perfect freedom of movement. The blouse was of

flannel in a pretty spotted pattern, tiny white spots over a red ground.

Over this was worn a short semi-fitting coat of the blue cloth, lined with dark red silk. It was arranged to be worn either open or closed, as desired, the upper part turned back with reverse edged with black astrachan, the opening where the reverse turned back being filled in by a soft silk scarf of poppy red; wide coat-shaped sleeves had deep cuffs of astrachan. The hat was a small round shape, of dark blue felt, trimmed with velvet bows, and one red wing at the left side.

Many a time and oft have I sung the praises of serge. It is one of those delightful fabrics that look well at all seasons. We take to it kindly for our winter gowns in its thick, warm make, and what looks better for a hot summer day at the seaside than a neatly-made costume of blue serge, while now for the present time, the transition season between winter and spring, smart afternoon gowns are being made of finely-ribbed red serge. The fashion is pretty and stylish-looking, without being costly.

The success of a gown, be the material what it may, depends, of course, altogether upon the making. The richest and most costly fabrics if ill-made will fail to look well, while the cheapest material neatly and carefully made may be worn becomingly by any one. After this digression I must return to the red serge. A simple yet stylish way to make it up would be to have the skirt quite plain—of course, short enough to clear the ground—gored to secure the correct width below, not many waist gathers, and those kept altogether to the back.

A becoming and fashionable make of bodice would be a tight-fitting shape with the open front cut somewhat after the style of a zouave, the entire outer edge being trimmed with a narrow line of black fur, and the entire bodice striped with bands of narrow black passementerie, very wide sleeves tapering under the elbows, the long plain under sleeves being striped with jet to match the bodice. With this might be worn a variety of pretty vest fronts. A soft gathered front of pale blue surah would go well with the red serge, or pale primrose or cream-striped with lines of jet would be charming.

Smooth-surfaced cloth promises to continue a popular material for early spring. A charming gown of dark smoke-grey cloth, with the new cut of skirt, had the bodice very prettily arranged; a deep yoke of old rose satin was covered with dark-tinted butter colour lace. The lower part of the bodice was of grey velvet, a shade darker than the cloth. It was set to the yoke in full gathers, and slightly overhanging the waist-band in the fashionable pouch form. The waist-band was of rose satin covered with lace to match the yoke. The drooping sleeve tops were caught a little above the elbows with lace roses.

Capes have by no means lost their popularity. They are becoming to almost any style of figure; tall and short alike may wear them gracefully. A very fashionable material for spring capes is a kind of velvet plush. It has a beautifully soft pile. A cape of this material will come in well as the spring advances. We may soon hope for days of bright and warm for a heavy cloth cape, and yet cold enough to make some substantial covering indispensable.

In my rambles the other day I came across a charming cape of black velvet plush. It was shaped at the top in the form of a deep rounded yoke. Into this the lower part of the cape was set with slight fulness, it reached to a little below the waist, falling gracefully round the figure. The high stand up collar and entire outer edge of the yoke was trimmed with curled ostrich. The lining was grey surah shot with red. A cape of this description would be far from costly if made at home, and would well repay the trouble. A good pattern should be procured, and carefully carried out in all its details.

MR. WHEELER.

The cognomen is still laughing over the definition issued by "The Cycle," which has developed another classic during the last few days. Much too much, notice has been taken of the matter, as its author clearly only wanted the name "amateur" to remain so as to secure admission for riders who were not really amateurs, to amateur sports. It must be a "hard row to hoe" for some of the anti-amateur party to learn that the better class men among Italian cyclists are endeavouring to establish an amateur class, and no doubt this result will follow in all cycling nations as soon as they grow old enough—France included.

The cycle agent question is being pretty warmly discussed just now. Agents who practically do no business, but are making money by causing considerable loss to the trade, and there is a tendency to look with favour on the established and well-to-do ironmonger as an agent rather than to the impecunious local cyclist. I have had cases brought under my notice by members of the trade which would have been better left alone. They do business, and unless some concerted action is taken, and the agency arrangements put upon a sound, business-like basis, there will be further trouble. The rider—the racing man—is not necessarily a good salesman. He may influence a certain number of cyclists at the end of the season, but his value decreases year by year. Some cycling papers constantly assure the public that the fast riders are paid—paid by the firms whose wares they ride—and I am certain that the more widespread this view becomes, the smaller will be the very rapidly dwindling influence of the rider on what might be termed the business side of the trade. The cyclist will step in and sell cycles as he sells axon tires, and the trade will benefit by the straightforward business which will result.

I spoke out emphatically in this column last year on the subject of road racing, and the circumstances surrounding that form of cycling at the end of the 1884 season will be remembered, doubtless by many of my readers. Road racing is doomed, that is abundantly clear, but whether it is put a stop to finally in 1895 depends entirely on the authorities. Within the next few weeks the various road clubs will be meeting and discussing the question, and I venture to hope the wish is father to the thought—that the outburst of police activity in the matter was merely temporary—that the flight of time has given the net throwers, rope holders, &c., of the North Road time to forget, and that, at least, some of the most prominent names may be successfully brought off. I reason to think that this is an error, and that with the awakening of the active season of 1895 the road racer will find the man in blue decidedly more active than heretofore. The road-racing clubs recognise the ultimate and inevitable conclusion. I venture to suggest that they would be doing the sport a good service if they unanimously announced their intention of promoting no more races on the road. If they now persist they must do cycling incalculable harm.

A friend of mine who went for a spin on the southern roads last week remarks that his astonishment at the large number of ladies whom he found out riding. I have

myself noticed the same thing this winter, and agree in the opinion, freely expressed, that 1895 will see a most marked increase in the number of lady riders. Not only are all the schools crowded with fair beginners, but new ones are being opened, and the purpose are being "passed" rapidly. Possibly the dress developments have something to do with it; in any case, the lady's cycle to-day is a machine suitable for a lady—not the heaviest, clumsiest, and most impracticable of velocipedes cast aside by the male sex. Some of the safeties built for rational-looking ladies are marvellous of rigidity and strength for their weight, and the spectacle of a lady rider calmly paddling away through a couple of inches of snow on a fine, frosty morning might be taken as typical of the advance which has been made in feminine sports and pastimes in the last twenty years or so.

LORD R. CHURCHILL'S FUNERAL.
The funeral of the late Lord Randolph Churchill took place on Monday. Lady Randolph and other members of the family accompanied the remains, which were conveyed by train from Paddington to Woodstock, where a procession, composed of the tenants on the Blenheim estates and others, escorted the body to the parish church. The first part of the funeral service was here read, and the remains were afterwards conveyed through Blenheim Park to Bladon, where the second portion of the service was conducted by the Bishop of Oxford, and the body was interred in a brick grave. Whilst the funeral was taking place at Bladon a memorial service was held in Westminster Abbey, among those attending it being Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir W. Harcourt, and several foreign ambassadors.

WATERLOO-ROAD MURDER.

On Wednesday, Mr. Hicks held an inquiry at Lambeth in connection with the death of Rachel Goldstein. The first part of the inquiry was held at one night last week at a house in which she lodged in Waterloo-road, and who subsequently died in St. Thomas's Hospital. The body was taken to the mortuary, and the inquiry was held at the house of the deceased, which was a small room in the custody of two prison warders. In opening the inquiry, the coroner directed the attention of the jury to the allegations which had been made to the authorities as to the premises in question having been used as a disorderly house. If such were the facts, this might have an important bearing on the question as to whether this was a case of murder or manslaughter or accidental poisoning. David Goldstein, who was sworn as a Jew, and spoke English very imperfectly, said he was a bootmaker, living at 11, Great Pelican-street, Whitechapel. He identified the body lying at the mortuary as being that of his daughter, Rachel. She had been a dressmaker, and up to 10 months ago had lived with him at Spitalfields. Barnett Cohen, a Jewish tailor, living at 11, Plumstead-road, a Jew, said he had known deceased about two months, when he was living at Waterloo-road. Witness had first met her in the streets and used to visit her twice a week. He said that he had seen Rachel Goldstein at the place where he was working, and asked him to go to her lodgings that night any time before 12 o'clock. Witness accordingly left the Kent-road, and went to the house in Waterloo-road, about a quarter past 12. The landlady Jones opened the door, and in reply to his inquiry as to whether Rachel Goldstein was at home said he had seen her at the place where he was working, and asked him to go to her lodgings that night any time before 12 o'clock. Witness accordingly left the Kent-road, and went to the house in Waterloo-road, about a quarter past 12. 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